

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"



THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 56

No.

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From George A. H. Scott, Secretary, Illinois Humane Society, Chicago
(April 19, 1923)

"I think it is a very beautiful film and everybody out here was very much pleased with it. I shall recommend it cheerfully whenever I get a chance. I thoroughly believe in moving picture films as an educational factor."

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From Mrs. W. C. Mulford, Bridgeton, N. J. (April 16, 1923)

"The film was used three times—twice at our theater, and Sunday night at one of the churches. It is certainly a beautiful picture and should do a great deal of good wherever shown.

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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July, 1923

No. 2

THE University of Cambridge, England, has accepted the offer of the Ministry of Agriculture to establish an institute for the study of animal diseases. A large sum for buildings and maintenance will be provided by the Government. This should mean a great advance in the science of veterinary medicine. It is time for a much more exhaustive study of the ills of animals.

IT may be that the movement which is bringing many Negroes to the North seeking employment will do more to put an end to lynching and peonage in the South than has yet been accomplished by any other means. Surely if the South wants the Negro it must make possible to him a mind delivered from the fear of sudden and violent death at the hands of his neighbors, and assured of his legal rights.

HOW many deaths were caused by suffocation in transit or by rough handling somewhere along the line? How many animals had been struck on loin or back with a club? These are two questions asked by the Institute of American Meat Packers, not by a humane society, of those shipping and handling sheep and swine. What an evidence of the cruelties connected with the transportation of livestock! Even those financially interested find it almost impossible to stop it.

WHERE does the blame for the cruelties in transportation lie? Probably where W. A. Burnett, traffic manager, Nashville Live Stock Exchange, puts it, equally between the shipping public and the railroads. R. W. Carter of the Institute of American Meat Packers estimates the financial loss from bruises as the result of ill treatment of cattle, sheep and swine at close to \$12,000,000 annually.

A DETROIT milk company says its milk wagons make 80,000 stops before daylight each morning. They find the auto truck cannot be taught to stop and start day in and day out at the same houses without aid from the driver. Here the horse means a large saving in expense.

THE GREAT CRUELTY AND THE TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR PRIZE

OUR readers will remember the prize of \$10,000 offered by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of New York, in coöperation with the National Committee on Humane Slaughter. This prize was for a device, simple, mechanically operated, and that would render unconscious instantly and painlessly our food animals before they were either caught up in the air or subjected to the knife.

Five hundred and seventy-seven entered the contest. To unpack and arrange for display the various models, drawings, etc., required the time of two men for several days. The Committee then went carefully over all the material submitted. Strange as it may seem, there were only two that gave evident promise of meeting the demands set forth in the specifications giving particulars as to the kind of device sought.

Of these two one seems to answer every requirement of the Committee. Preparations are being made in two large but different abattoirs to try out in a practical way each of these two devices at the earliest possible moment. This should not be later than July 1.

The Committee feels most hopeful and encouraged not only in the belief that it has found such an invention as it sought, but also in the assurance of coöperation received from some of the large packing houses, one of which has offered an additional prize of \$500 to any one of its employees who might win the \$10,000 and has promised to give every opportunity for a practical demonstration of any device that would seem to promise even a material lessening of the sufferings caused by present methods.

Never since the question of humane methods in slaughter was agitated many, many years ago, has the goal seemed so near. While it may be we shall find some flaw in the perfect working of one of these devices, we do not anticipate it. Should our hopes, however, be disappointed, we shall start anew and never abandon this campaign till we have won the battle.

A CRUELTY OF TRANSPORTATION

NO animal suffers more in the process of transportation than the calf. Hundreds of thousands of them, new born, are annually loaded into cattle trains and shipped long distances with no opportunity to take food; thousands of them taken from their dams the day they are born. This goes on winter and summer. In some states much has been done by humane societies to regulate this traffic and to prevent the worst forms of cruelty connected with the calf shipping business. In many states the societies are not strong enough to make their influence felt.

A friend writes us from a middle-western state as follows:

"I have seen in some towns where the stock train passes through early in the morning, too early for the farmers to bring the calves in that morning, calves brought in to the station early the day before and left that day and all night in open yards, with nothing to eat for nearly twenty-four hours before they were started for the slaughter-house, which took twenty-four hours more in the open car.

"No matter how long they are on the way, they cannot be fed, they have not learned to eat except by sucking their mother in a warm stable.

"I have seen carloads of these suffering calves and also lambs delayed during snow blockade the past winter, many of them dying from the cold, exposure and lack of food.

"In one snow blockade the past winter the railroad company were persuaded to have a carload of calves slaughtered at this station to prevent them dying before the road could be opened so that they could reach their destination, Chicago."

Nothing but federal legislation against this traffic in immature calves will ever put an end to these abominable cruelties. The laws governing interstate shipments, we have repeatedly found, practically tied the hands of local humane officers.

WE extend thanks to the many newspapers which gave appreciative comment to the Geo. T. Angell centenary, June 5, 1923.

PUBLIC BECOMING BETTER INFORMED

CRUELTIES IN TRAINED ANIMAL ACTS NOW RECOGNIZED BY MANY THOUSANDS

MORE than 12,000 members were added to the Jack London Club during the past month.

THERE is one way to stop the cruelty in the training of animals; —stop aiding and abetting animal performances with your money and presence.

A GORILLA ghoul scoured the jungles of Borneo and bagged twenty fine specimens for American zoos. Fifteen of them died before they could be landed in San Francisco. The jungle raider is now parading in print his "heart-breaking" experiences. It was a sad fate that sustained the five surviving monkeys.

Cruelty "Sedulously Inflicted"

The obscene brutality which so often—one might as well say usually—accompanies the training of animals for theatrical performances, for which God never intended them, is tolerated because the average person who sees a little dog doing "cute" tricks does not realize the sneaking torture which has been sedulously inflicted upon the "cunning" little animal in order that he shall be able to amuse crowds of "kiddies." If these youngsters knew that, when the moron in red trousers and a white shirt holds up his hand at the willing little dog, he is calling to the animal's recollection repeated blows, they would never want to see a "trained animal act."

—Hartford (Conn.) *Times*

MORE EXPERT TESTIMONY

THERE are undoubtedly many persons able to give evidence relating to the training of performing animals who are deterred from doing so by the fear of publicity or of losing their position and income. This is a natural aversion and only to be expected. It should be borne in mind, however, that information given to the S. P. C. A. or Humane Society is invariably treated as confidential. Bearing on this phase of the question the testimony of a booking manager of a vaudeville circuit given at the recent parliamentary investigation is highly significant:

In your experience as a booking manager, you, of course, have to watch the public taste?—Yes.

Do you find that your music halls lose at all by your not booking these animal turns?—Not

A CALL TO HUMANE SOCIETIES

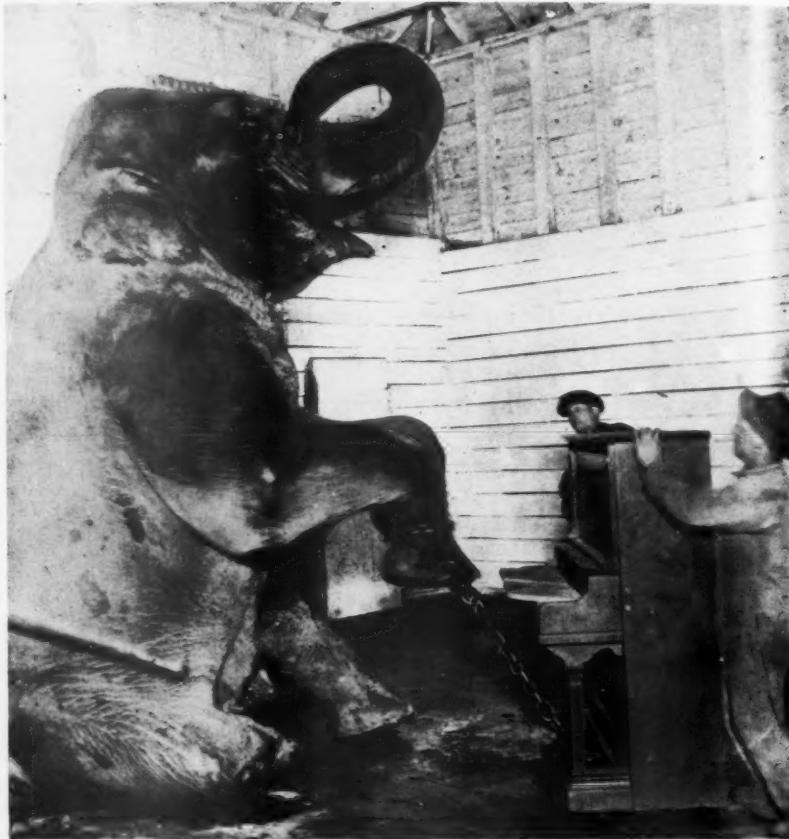
THE cruelties in the training, exhibition, and transportation of performing animals have been brought to the knowledge of more than a quarter of a million persons in this country. They have joined a movement whose goal is the prevention of such cruelty. A law has been passed in Great Britain regulating the performances of trained animals in public. There is little prospect at present that any such action could be secured in the United States.

To obtain popular expression upon the matter here it is suggested and urged that all Humane Societies undertake a straw vote on this pressing question in their respective communities. Make use of the following ballot, or request the newspapers in your city, town or county to print the same; send the count to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass., which will announce the returns.

SAMPLE BALLOT

I am opposed to the training and exhibition of performing animals
and do hereby register my disapproval of them.

Signed.....



THE "MUSICAL" ELEPHANT VEHEMENTLY TRUMPETS HIS PROTESTATIONS
AGAINST THE CRUELTIES OF PROFESSIONAL TRAINING

at all. I do not think that music hall receipts would suffer one iota if the animal acts were withdrawn.

Watching public opinion as you do, do you think an animal turn is very popular?—I do not. I am certain if a ballot were taken of the whole of the public of Great Britain, they would vote against animal acts on the stage; that is what I believe the public think of animal acts.

Do you think they have become less popu-

lar than they were?—I think they have, because the public are gradually getting enlightened; the matter has been talked about more during the last few years, and by reason of that enlightenment I believe they are getting to dislike these animal acts.

Generally speaking, are the tricks the animals do becoming more complicated in recent years?—They are getting more wonderful, yes.

More unnatural?—Yes, I remember nineteen years ago for a dog to turn a somersault was thought quite wonderful, but it is thought nothing of now. I dare say you have seen the act where a dog takes a candle and walks up a high flight of steps to go to bed; well, if a dog had done that twenty years ago, it would have been the talk of England, but no one seems to think anything of it nowadays.

Animal Acts of No Public Benefit

A leading law journal, *The Justice of the Peace*, favors the abolition of all animal performances in an editorial statement as follows:

"The conditions under which some animals are at present and have of recent years, been trained for the purpose of enabling their owners to exhibit them for profit, are, by almost universal consent, very unsatisfactory.

Even if it is put no higher than that it is possible for cruelty to be practised in order to render an animal more amenable to discipline, it is surely a reproach to a nation which claims to have reached a high state of civilization that such cruelty should even be possible. The view is widely held that the performances of tricks by animals in public, for the profit of the owner, should be prohibited altogether, and this view is by no means confined to those who may be classed as being sentimentalists. So far as our own experience goes, we are doubtful whether, as those who are interested in the continuance of such performances allege, any animal can take any pleasure or interest in the mechanical performance, day after day, and night after night, of the same unnatural antics. It seems to us that unless it can be made quite certain that no cruelty is practised in order to ensure the animal's obedience, it would be far better that such performances, which, after all, are of no public benefit, and teach the spectator nothing whatever about the animal and its natural habits, should be altogether prohibited."

Training Horses for the Stage

Horses can be trained to perform tricks without brutality, just as one's own dog can be. But there is a very wide gulf between a pet animal and a stage animal, between the amateur doing tricks for fun, and the professional being compelled to do them to a timetable and for the profit of his trainer. That there are proven cases of cruelty to performing horses shows how wide that gulf is.

H. J. M., in *Anti-Vivisection Journal*

THE ZOO

SIR.—The recent death of the fourteenth polar bear cub at the Zoo may have caused many to ask the question, "By what right does man imprison animals and force them to live under unnatural conditions?" The naturalist can make neither a true nor profitable study of the lives of captive wild animals who have no scope to exhibit their customary manners and habits. To the denizens of the Zoo their lives are little else than a succession of days spent in enduring that purgatory of animals—loss of liberty. They exhibit their dumb misery to thousands of free human beings who pass a "pleasant hour" (?) at the Zoo; and I venture to say that, were any one of those visitors to be imprisoned for one month only in the space allotted to the majority of the animals in question, they would heartily boycott such places in future as "zoos" and "circuses." Defrauded of all that makes life worth living to them, these animals present a sorry spectacle to the "humanitarian."

When the "educated" see this matter in its true light, there may possibly be a cessation of the iniquitous "animal shop," and of a state of the law which now permits of our wild birds being caged. Let our duty to animals be more clearly and more often set forth in the pulpit and in the schools, and we may look for a generation to arise who will utterly condemn these evils and not "suffer them to be."

M. DONALDSON in *The Animals' Friend*

YOU may have noticed during your trip to the country that the farm where the hens "fly all over" mother when she goes out to feed them is the farm where egg production is greatest.



YOUNG RED-WINGS ABOUT TO LEAVE THEIR NEST

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

DAVID ALLAN HUNTER

WHEN the long day's work is ended
And the sun has gone to rest;
When the gorgeous colors blended
Fade and vanish in the west;
When the night-time draws its curtain
Slowly over vale and hill;
Then I listen in the twilight
For the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will.
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Other birds have ceased their singing
And are settled for the night.
Through the gloom the firefly winging
Twinkles with his candle light.
Then a voice comes from the valley
With its accents clear and shrill.
'Tis the last song of the evening
From the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will.
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Up above the stars are peeping
Through the darkening evening sky,
And a breeze comes gently sweeping,
Rustling leaves while passing by.
Then from out the circling silence,
Though all other birds are still,
Comes the clear, sweet, vibrant music
From the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will,
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

When the pearly dewdrops glisten
In the moonlight's silver ray,
Then I like to sit and listen
For that farewell to the day
As it echoes through the valley
And across the silent hill;
'Tis the last song of the evening
From the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will.
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

HARRY Mahan has bought a cow and is now supplying his neighbors with butter and fresh eggs.

From an Illinois Small City Daily

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

THE RED-WING AT HOME

ALVIN M. PETERSON

THE red-winged blackbird nests in comparative safety. This is due to the fact that the nest is usually fastened to cat-tails which grow in wet and inaccessible places. During the spring of 1922, I located and observed fifteen nests of this bird. Ten of them were located in a marsh that was overgrown with cat-tails. All the nests were fastened to dead and dry plants—plants of the previous year. The red-wing, no doubt, partly from necessity and partly from choice, lives in colonies at nesting-time. I found two nests that were not fastened to cat-tails. These were both located some distance from the ten nests mentioned above. One was built near the top of a small bushy willow about five feet from the ground. The second nest was built in a field of marsh grass. The grasses to which the nest was fastened proved to be too weak to support the nest, especially when it was soaked with water. After a heavy rain, it was found overturned and egg-less. The grasses at one side had broken beneath the strain.

Of the fifteen nests observed, thirteen were successful. The young birds proved to be easy birds to manage and were readily photographed. The youngsters shown in the picture were just about to leave the nest when found and photographed. They took things as they came and after posing for a number of snaps were returned to their nest, which they promptly deserted. They would have nothing more to do with it.

Adult red-wings are very solicitous about the welfare of their nests and screech and make a great ado when intruders are near. In this way they advertise the location of their nests to all interpreting their actions correctly.

TO STOP CRUELTY IN ECUADOR

THROUGH the efforts of Mrs. O. F. Frederick of Reading, Pa., the American Consul General at Guayaquil, Ecuador, Mr. F. W. Goding, has become interested in the distribution of humane literature, in Spanish, in that country. The Director of Studies for the province of Guayas is trying to establish an active campaign against cruelty to animals through the teachers in the schools. We have shipped to Guayaquil 3,000 Spanish leaflets, which will be circulated through the direction of these two high officials.

SUMMER HOMES FOR ELMIRA'S BIRDS

MABEL TRAVIS WOOD

SAID Mr. Wren to his wife, "I read in the papers about the big building boom in Elmira. Shall we inquire at the office?" And, like a dutiful spouse, she replied, "Yes, my dear." At least this is what happened according to an Elmira, New York, newspaper cartoonist, who was advertising to the city's children a bird-house building contest. "The office" dealing in avian real estate was the headquarters of Elmira Community Service, which promoted the contest.

Elmira boys—and some girl carpenters tried their hand, too—took up nails and hammer and fashioned bird homes of many styles—modern and rustic, large and small, humble cots and near-palaces. On April 13, all the houses were put on display and the ten prize winners chosen. The first prize went to Master Richard Grant, designer of a hollow-tree house with gnarled branches still attached, but equipped with a comfortably rain-proof gabled roof. Mr. and Mrs. Flicker or Song Sparrow couldn't help but feel at home in this residence so like the old wildwood homestead of their youth.

As a result of the bird-house contest an unusual quantity and variety of birds seem to have flocked to Elmira. And they are unusually plump, musical and contented birds, claim the youngsters who have taken a new interest in these feathered friends since the Community Service contest. The bird-houses have been put up in vine-covered

porch corners or on poles or trees in yards, where their builders can study the domestic habits of their protégés at first hand. They can see them come out to sing and preen themselves on their little thresholds, watch the all-day influx of food for the wide, yellow throats of the fledglings, and, if they're lucky, be present at the first flying lesson.

THE WATER-OUZEL

REGINALD C. BARKER

WHERE foaming waters rip and roar
In curling combs of creamy white;
While boulders grind the torrent's floor
And growl and roll in headlong flight;
Where ribs of rock compel the flood
To marshal waves in squadrons strong,
Upon the river's brink I stood
And listened to a merry song.

As throbbing notes rose
And drifted shoreward eerily;
Far out amid those melted snows
I spied a bird that cheerily
Kept bowing from a spray-swept rock
That loomed on high most drearily.

The water-ouzel sang again
Its stirring, pulsing notes of Love;
While all around a colored rain
Of sun-kissed spray flashed far above.
In suit of gray it bowed to me,
Entranced upon the distant shore;
Then shook its plumage daintily,
And sang its merry song once more.

"PETER DICK"

FRANCES HIGGINS

ABOUT 50 miles from the Ohio, amid the rolling hills and fertile valleys of southern Indiana, rises Blue River. Sometimes peaceful, often turbulent, it journeys southward to the larger river, passing plain, little frame houses, fields of tall, ripening corn and fragrant clover, and now and then a quarry by the way. Black-eyed Susans and Queen Anne's Lace brighten the duller spaces, and the tall, graceful ironweed purples the hills like heather.

Overlooking these cheering scenes stands the cabin where we have spent our summers for a score of years. It is here within the shadow of the woodlands that we have come to know "Peter Dick," master singer. He, like ourselves, has discovered this land of beauty and has found it good. As one stands before the cabin on a summer afternoon and sees the hills and valleys gleaming in the sunshine, and hears the oaks and elms whispering in the forests, one can understand the joy which Peter Dick pours forth in song.

This singer is none other than the mockingbird. Spring does not begin for us until he has arrived from the southland. Usually some fine April morning we hear a strange song in the garden, and being much puzzled about its origin, go forth to discover Peter Dick. We have always thought that he enjoys these surprises quite as much as we.

After he has been duly welcomed at the cabin, the concerts of the season begin. We have learned about what to expect, but it never ceases to thrill. Peter Dick takes little rest in the months to come; he sings both night and day. We may be awakened at 2:30 of a moonlight morning by this little feathered being perched upon the very roof of the cabin and pouring forth his song. Only a poet or musician can do full justice to the mocker's night song, by which he proves himself a rival of the classic nightingale.

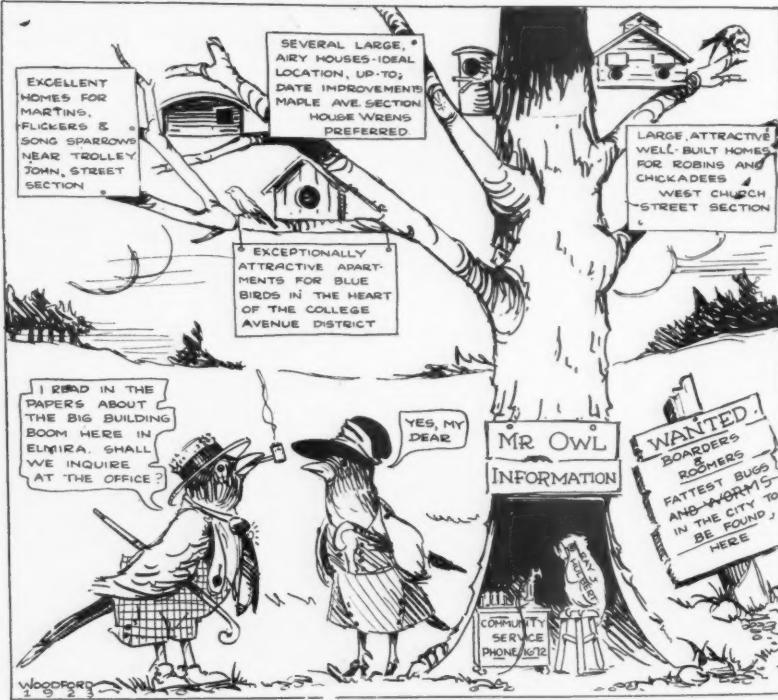
The mocking song, with which Peter Dick entertains us by day, is distinctly different from the melody of the moonlight. From the top of the black oak he pours forth a medley of carols, imitating the whole host of native song birds, and even the familiar sounds of house and barnyard. He greets the sunrise with his music and continues it at intervals throughout the day. We can hardly identify his songs, as he changes so quickly from one to another.

But we do know he sings the cardinal's beautiful song as well as that gay songster himself. He also renders the bold, clear notes of the lark and the thrush. Again he sings the plaintive air of the bluebird, or the tiny wisp of a song that is the gnatcatcher's. Then he leaves the realms of pure music, and imitates the cry of the hawk, the guinea, and the baby chick. These follow in quick succession, and while the little creature sings, he leaps and tumbles in the air like a veritable clown.

Peter Dick is a friendly creature and always seems to choose an audience for his songs. He performs for our friends quite as delightfully as for ourselves. The black oak, the persimmon, the cabin roof, and the telephone pole are his favorite perches. He flits from one to the other in his outbursts of song, but is never daunted by our presence. It has always seemed that he prefers to have us there and sings the better for it.

It was our artist friend from the north who made us realize how fortunate was our lot.

BIRD HOUSE BUILDING CONTEST



Boys and Girls—Build a House NOW!
TEN PRIZES CONTEST CLOSES APRIL 13, 1923

She had never seen a mockingbird until she came to our cabin and made the acquaintance of Peter Dick. North of the thirty-eighth parallel the mockingbird is but a rare summer visitor or stray. Bird lovers of those regions count it a treat indeed to behold one close at hand. Even with us it is only a summer visitor. Yet it frequently stays until Thanksgiving, and during a mild season has been known to stay until Christmas.

Peter Dick is silent in the winter; his songs usually cease with the advent of family cares in midsummer. He builds his nest year after year in a little thicket of sassafras, haws, and persimmon, some distance to the west of the cabin, and here rears his little brood. We have never made the acquaintance of the little gray wife and the babies, though we see them occasionally when walking in that direction. They seem much more wild and shy than the famous musician, and we feel that we are intruding when we approach them.

This singer of ours is a plain bird about the size of a robin. But being an athlete of distinction, he is consequently much more graceful. He is a slim, neat fellow of pure grays with touches of white on the darker wing feathers. He is quite easily identified by these white feathers in wing and tail. There is no other bird of this section that is like him in appearance, habits, or song. With us the brown thrasher does not mock, as he is sometimes said to do, and the catbird could never be mistaken for Peter Dick.

SAVE THE MULES

If we are to make any money out of cotton we must learn to take care of our mules better. Our people must learn to prevent as far as we can all waste, and especially that of mule power. The loss of mules is like the levying of taxes, the loss finally reaches the man farthest down.

One of the marks of a good man or woman is the way he or she treats mules or horses. Some folks are not fit to be trusted with a good mule or horse. They have a mean heart and can't do their meanness to man, and hence they take it out on a poor helpless mule. Sometimes they are mad because they have to work for a living and then try to spite the poor mule. —Cotton Farmer

THOMSON'S LOVE OF ANIMALS

In his book on James Thomson, William Bayne says: "Following closely upon his frank and ardent love of the external world comes his insistence on a tender regard for the lower creation, in which he was so worthily succeeded by Cowper, Burns, and Blake, and which in the nineteenth century has assumed the terms of a pretty definite creed. He misses no opportunity of dwelling upon this subject to a practical purpose, and his picture, for instance, of the hunted stag in Autumn might be found to profoundly appeal to one with a sense of feeling unusually blunted. It has been pertinently said that Burns's 'Wounded Hare' will live in men's memories when hares are no longer shot for sport. Thomson's feeling with respect to the humane treatment of the lower animals was evidently as deep as that of Burns; and, although he gave no expression to his conclusions in lines so memorable, his whole-hearted humanity appears to have had in this respect, as in others, a strong community with his great Scottish successor."

"KING," MY HORSE

MRS. FRANK J. HAZEN

KING, my saddle horse, is a beauty, and carries his head proudly, as though he realized his superiority over his fellows.

Mother says he is "King by name, and King by nature"; but after studying history, I doubt if that is much of a compliment.

He is so fast, too, that no horse in the county can beat him on a straightaway race.



"KING"

Yet it isn't his looks or his speed that makes him so remarkable, but his intelligence; he can all but talk.

One day I was riding him on the range, chasing some stock, three or four miles from home. The ground was covered with snow, several inches deep, and King stepped into a badger hole, fell, and threw me. Of course, he immediately struggled to regain his footing, but I saw that I couldn't get loose from one of the stirrups, and knew I should be dragged, and, in that rough country, probably killed, once the horse got up and started. So I told him to lie still, and, although he was nervous and anxious to be on his feet, King seemed to understand the situation, and—obeyed me. I was riding with a hackamore, and still had the rope in my hand. Holding it tight, slowly I managed to pull myself closer and closer to the saddle until, finally, I seated myself in it, then—King got up. Not one spirited horse in a thousand would have acted like that, but King knew I was all alone, miles from home, and must have his assistance.

Another time he helped me out was a terrible stormy night when I came from town, on the train. The hired man, on horseback, and leading King, met me at the station. It was so dark one could barely see anything, and, besides that, I wear glasses, and the rain misted them, making even the engine headlight seem blurred. I told the man, who was raised in that vicinity, to lead the way, and we set out for home.

We rode about half an hour and—found ourselves back at the railroad. I was pretty well peev'd. Not expecting a storm, I was not dressed for it, and shivering with cold, had no fancy to be wandering around for hours, making the three miles and a quarter to the ranch. I told my companion that he ought to have said he did not know the way,

instead of leading me a wild goose chase like that. He retorted that he did know the way in an ordinary storm, but anyone would be liable to get turned around on two square miles of unfenced prairie land, when it was so dark you couldn't see your hand before you, and the wind was blowing a gale, and driving the rain and sleet straight in your face. He also said if I thought I could do better, I could go ahead myself.

I was mad then, and told him I would go ahead; and loosening the reins, I gave King his head, and took the lead. It was so muddy we had to walk the horses all the way, and, in a few minutes, the hired man insisted that we were traveling in the wrong direction. He admitted that he had been a little confused at first, but had now found his bearings, and we were not going the right road; that we would be out all night in the storm, and that my mother was all alone at the ranch waiting for me, and would be worried to death. He reminded me that I had never been over the road before in a storm, so couldn't possibly know the way. I said I was trusting King, that I felt sure the horse would find his way home.

Then my companion exhausted his vocabulary trying to describe the foolishness of anyone who would rely on a horse instead of a man who had been born and brought up in that locality.

He rambled on quite eloquently, until King suddenly stopped. I got off his back, fumbled around, and discovered we were at the ranch gate. I opened it and went through, followed by a very crestfallen hired man.

We were so late that mother had been very much worried, but after I told her how easily King had found his way through the storm and darkness, she said her mind would be easy in future if King were with me, even though I was caught in a blizzard.

SYMPATHY IN ANIMALS

OPONENTS of the Darwinian theory of the evolution of man sometimes base their case on the alleged absence, in the monkey or other lower animal, of sympathy (as distinct from mere herd protection) in cases of suffering. Personally I am of opinion that such sympathy is often shown to some extent, but I have never seen "the mind to act and the heart to feel" exemplified as it has been just recently at Belle Vue Gardens. Among the new arrivals were several sphinx baboons and a cherry-crowned sooty mangabey, a much smaller animal of a totally different race. One of the sphinx baboons fell ill. It was deserted by its fellows, and the little mangabey went to help, supporting the sufferer to the best of its small ability. Unable to hold it permanently, the mangabey left it for a moment and collected three or four pieces of cement about four inches square and half an inch thick. These it piled on one another close to a wall. On the top of this hard pillow it placed a little watercress and straw. Then, pulling and pushing, it gradually brought the sufferer and laid his head on the pillow and cuddled close up to keep him warm. And there it remained all night and was so found in the morning, when the sick animal was removed. The earlier action was seen by a careful observer, the latter part I saw myself. The whole occurrence is so remarkable that it deserves a permanent record.

"G. J.," in the *Manchester Guardian*

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JULY, 1923

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SPARROW

CAN any good word be said for him? Despite his many human enemies, he has still some friends. It almost looks as if the very powers that be who have advocated his wholesale destruction might be coming over onto his side. According to a report issued by the Bureau of Biology, United States Department of Agriculture, "On one Utah farm infested with alfalfa weevil, English sparrows alone in one season fed to their young, it is estimated, 500,000 of the pests, making them about a third of the diet of the growing birds."

We have observed so often this little bird-immigrant chasing, catching and eating moths and bugs of various kinds that we much prefer to praise him than blame him. Perhaps he pays in service for what grain he eats. There are many farmers and fruit growers who would like the birds to put in about eighteen hours a day destroying insect pests, but never peck at a cherry or a grape or a strawberry or help themselves to a few mouthfuls of grain.

PROGRESS IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE following is one of the ordinances now in force in the City of Manila. It marks an almost incredible step of advancement in humane work in the islands.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—It shall be unlawful to overdrive, overload, torture, torment, or cruelly neglect to provide with necessary sustenance or shelter, or to cruelly beat or needlessly mutilate, or kill, or cause, or procure, to be overdriven, overloaded, tortured, tormented or deprived of necessary sustenance, or to be cruelly beaten, or needlessly mutilated or killed, as aforesaid, any living creature.

TO malign an animal because it is ugly to the eye, without knowing the purpose it serves in nature, is clear evidence of narrow-mindedness. To him who knows the toad and the lizard and the service they render man they become beautiful. Handsome is that handsome does here as elsewhere.

IN a recent trip to Omaha, riding by daylight nearly three days through some of the most attractive farming country in the Middle West, we saw only one tractor. Horses seemed to be everywhere the motive power for plow and harrow.

THE VEGETARIAN'S SIDE OF IT

THAT multitudes of people have stopped eating meat, that multitudes more are eating less and less each year, no one acquainted with the facts, we think, can deny. We have yet to hear anyone say, who has ceased to eat meat or largely given it up, that he did not feel abundantly repaid in better health. As housewives and cooks learn how to prepare, as it may be prepared, an attractive vegetable diet, many more will turn to it and away from animal flesh.

From time to time we shall publish, as we are doing now, selections from a very able writer upon this subject. No matter whether we agree in all points or not, the statements made are well worth thoughtful consideration:

It was a wise temperance reformer who conceived the idea that the best way to lessen the attendance at the corner saloon where men gathered to enjoy the warmth and welcome of the cheering cup would be to erect nearby a meeting place with hot though harmless drinks, games, and other attractions, where those willing to reform could gather in safety and in comfort; and I maintain that if we make vegetarianism all that it should be, the meat markets will soon miss our patronage and the range animals will have reason to rejoice.

The thought of a meatless diet is certainly very attractive. The accustomed meat eater is glad to feast his eyes on the piled-up fruit and vegetables in the market-place rather than on the suggestive substantial cuts hanging inside, awaiting the salesman's knife and scales; and it seems extraordinary that we should persist in the belief that to acquire strength we must eat the vegetarian animal which acquires its herculean strength and fibre from the plant life which we reject, believing it insufficient to maintain life and vigor for ourselves. Such faith have some of us in the success of an attractive meatless diet that with the eye of unwavering faith we see the tombstone beneath which shall be buried many dietary errors, and we believe that even those who have long clung to unrefined methods will be willing, nay, anxious, to "forsake the old and put on the new" when the attractive board is spread with vegetarian chefs d'œuvre—seasoned, too, with a peace of mind that comes from well doing.

Vegetarianism at its best may well feel proud of its followers, who in long distance races reach the goal fresh and smiling, and less fatigued, far in advance of the wearied meat eaters, who, as scientists have fully demonstrated, for continued endurance have far less stamina than meat abstainers.

True it is that vegetarianism, as usually practised, is a semi-starvation diet. Vegetables are destroyed in the cooking—boiled rather than steamed—the water which has absorbed the valuable salts is cast away leaving the starchy pulp to be served on the consumer's table. Wheat, on which man could subsist almost alone, is for commercial reasons devitalized by the criminal bolting process and its valuable elements are fed as waste to animals while the starchy remainder is reserved for the human family.

Food stuffs, we are told, not only lose their food value, but become actual poisons in proportion to their loss of mineral bodies. In our garden vegetables are found these precious indispensable minerals—such as sodium, calcium, magnesium, silicon, iron, potassium, manganese, chlorine, fluorine, iodine.

OUR HUMANE EDUCATION LAW

SOME doubt has been expressed by humane workers in other states as to whether Massachusetts has a humane education law. Some years before he died, Mr. Angell applied for a law making it the duty of all teachers of public schools in the state to teach the protection of birds and their nests, and kindness to the lower animals, when he received the following decision from the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education:

"I am of the opinion that section 15 of chapter 44 of the public statutes, requiring the teaching of humanity, universal benevolence, etc., makes it the legal as well as moral duty of every teacher in the Commonwealth to teach kindness towards the lower animals."

The joint committee of the Senate and House, before whom the new bill came for action, are reported as agreeing with the opinion of the secretary of the Board of Education. The law referred to has been on the statutes for many years and remains there today.

WEIGHBRIDGES

HOW many are familiar with these humane institutions? They are only platform scales beside the road used in detecting cases of overloading of animals. What better means than these could there be for preventing a form of cruelty committed perhaps a score of times a day before the eyes of hundreds who are powerless to stop it forthwith.

In Bengal weighbridges are used for this purpose. The local government appoints the places at which they shall be established; determines the limits of the area for which they shall serve; appoints weighbridge officers and defines their duties and responsibilities.

The report for 1922 of the Calcutta S. P. C. A., founded 62 years ago, shows that the Society handled 1,186 cases of overladen horses, bullocks and buffaloes. The Bengal Cruelty to Animals Act of 1920 provides that "any police-officer, or any other person duly authorized by the local government in this behalf, who has reason to believe that the offense of overloading is being committed in respect of any animal, shall seize and take it, together with its load and the person in charge of the animal, to such weighbridge and shall cause the load to be weighed on the weighbridge in the presence of such person." A heavy fine, or imprisonment for a term which may extend to three months, or both, may be imposed upon conviction of the owner or person permitting an animal to be overloaded.

Officers of our Humane Societies find it difficult to prove the cruelty in the case of overloading, and convictions upon such charge are rare. Sometimes with premeditation, often through ignorance, teamsters overload their horses. One thing is certain, the cruelty begins very far short of exacting the extreme limit of an animal's strength.

INDIANA has passed an act, approved March 6, 1923, which provides for graduated license fees, rising to \$250 per annum on seven-and-one-half-ton trucks, and has limited total weight to twelve tons, truck and load combined. Further increases in license fees and curtailments in weight may be expected as lawmakers become thoroughly acquainted with the damage to roads resulting from heavy truck traffic.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor

EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

Trustees of Permanent Funds

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Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

MRS. W. J. McDONALD, President

MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President

MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer

MRS. ELBERT CLARKE, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

| | |
|---|--------|
| Cases investigated | 714 |
| Animals examined | 5,163 |
| Number of prosecutions | 23 |
| Number of convictions | 20 |
| Horses taken from work | 118 |
| Horses humanely put to sleep | 80 |
| Small animals humanely put to sleep | 631 |
| Stock-yards and Abattoirs | |
| Animals inspected | 65,027 |
| Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep | |

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received, during May, gifts of \$185.73 from a friend; \$110 from Mrs. J. L. G., \$75 of which is for endowment of a free stall in memory of "Dolly, Lady Betty and Pluto," and \$35 for a free kennel in memory of "Kitty Wink and Patty Boy"; \$100 each from Mrs. L. D. M., H. F., Mrs. B. A., Mrs. J. B., C. E. R., and Miss M. L.; \$75 from Miss S. A. U.; \$73.58 from D. W. S.; \$50 each from Miss M. R. U. and Mrs. S. C.; \$44.68 from A. G. T.; \$25 each from C. A. W., Hon. A. T. F., Mrs. J. H. M., Miss E. B., Mrs. J. H. S., and H. W. W.; and \$21 from Mrs. C. A. D.

The Society has also received for the Free Dispensary, in grateful memory of George Thorndike Angell, \$1,000 from a friend; \$500 from Miss E. M. C.; \$100 each from Miss E. G. H., Dr. W. L. R., S. T. in memory of A. B. T., W. A. R., Jr., and Miss H. L.; \$50 each from Miss C. A. F., Mrs. A. B. J., Miss M. J., Miss C. L. D., and J. B. B. Company; \$35 from W. F. N. & Sons Co.; \$30

from Mrs. J. G. T.; \$25 each from C. R. C., Miss A. von A., Mrs. G. E. B., G. R. L., L. M. Co., F. W. S., Miss E. C. W., Mrs. E. E. W., G. T. D., Miss F. M. F., Mr. and Mrs. W. L. H., and F. H. B.; and \$20 from Miss G. W. K.

The American Humane Education Society has received for forming new Bands of Mercy, in grateful memory of George Thorndike Angell, \$26 from Mrs. C. H. C.; \$25 each from P. A. D. and Miss E. F. W.; and \$20 from Miss M. L.

June 12, 1923.

APPEAL FOR THE WORK-HORSES

AFTER a season of unprecedented hardships for horses, those willing servants are richly deserving of a summer vacation. Will you help towards making possible for them this needed rest?

Seven dollars will give some tired-out horse a two-weeks' respite from the hot and hard pavements of city streets.

He who has seen these patient servants turned out to pasture, for the first time in years, will never forget the rejuvenation the hard-worked creatures manifested when they found the soft earth beneath their feet, and felt the luxury of rolling on the cooling grass.

Send them to the Nevins Rest Farm of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen, as a seasonal act of humanity.

May we remind our readers, also, that special funds are needed by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for the free watering of horses in hot weather on the streets of Boston? This service began in June.

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been one of the best friends of the Boston work-horse, and has wielded a potent influence with drivers through the activities of its competent observers who have constantly aided the horse by educating these drivers in the most intelligent methods of handling teams drawing heavy loads. Every city work-horse might well carry the slogan "I am a low-cost transportation unit," for that is precisely what the records of Boston business men have proved them to be, and it explains why their number is increasing in all localities where the hauls are within their working radius.

WAYNE DINSMORE

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.

RAYMOND J. WELLS, V.M.D.

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

| Hospital | Free Dispensary | |
|---|-----------------|-----------|
| Cases entered | 605 | Cases 770 |
| Dogs | 402 | Dogs 546 |
| Cats | 163 | Cats 202 |
| Horses | 31 | Birds 11 |
| Birds | 7 | Horses 9 |
| Fox | 1 | Sheep 2 |
| Squirrel | 1 | |
| Operations | 335 | |
| Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15 | 34,048 | |
| Free Dispensary cases | | 42,002 |
| Total | | 76,050 |

BOSTON'S GREAT HORSE PARADE

THE twenty-first annual parade of horses held under the auspices of the Boston Work-horse Relief Association on May 30, brought out about 1,200 animals as handsome, sound, able and willing as ever passed before the critical eyes of horse users or devotees. This annual review, the first to be started in this country, affords great satisfaction to those who know how much the industry and commerce of Greater Boston depends upon efficient horse power for its economic conduct and success.

Forty different classes were shown. Nearly all the horses received blue ribbons. Gold and silver medals and badges and cash prizes were presented to drivers. The horses, old in service, as usual made a strong appeal to the delighted spectators. The gold medal annually offered in this class by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was awarded to "Nigger," 31 years old, for his 21 years' service with the North Shore Express Company. His driver received the cash prize of \$5. The gold medal awarded by the American Humane Education Society to drivers for long service was given to Vincent Phalen who has worked for the past 36 years for the Mass. Wharf Coal Company. Many other special prizes were awarded.

This fine exhibition and the work done during the rest of the year by the Work-horse Relief Association to promote better care and proper handling of horses has proved of inestimable value. It has also given rise to similar parades in many cities throughout the United States.

"HORSES EVERYWHERE"

IN Veterinary Medicine (Chicago) there is being published a series of pictures of scenes in the large cities of this country and Europe. They were taken at random, without effort to misrepresent, and strongly support the contention that horses are "coming back."

American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see last page. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer
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CHARLES E. ROGERSON, President of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company
JOHN R. MACOMBER, President of Harris, Forbes and Company

Humane Press Bureau
Mrs. May L. Hall, Secretary

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Nicasio Zulaica C. | Chile |
| Mrs. Jeannette Ryder | Cuba |
| Toufik Chamie | Damascus, Syria |
| Mrs. Florence H. Suckling | England |
| Edward Fox Sainsbury | France |
| William B. Allison | Guatemala |
| Mrs. Lillian Kohler | Jamaica |
| Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé | Japan |
| Mrs. Marie C. S. Houghton | Madeira |
| Mrs. Myrtle Keeler Campbell | Mexico |
| Mrs. Alice W. Manning | Turkey |
| D. D. Fitch | Venezuela |

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. Ora Brown Stokes, Richmond, Virginia

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

STARTLING FIGURES FROM MANILA

AT the annual meeting of the Philippine A. S. P. C. A., held in March, it was reported that during the last nine months of 1922 there were 2,281 arrests for cruelty, with 2,270 convictions, of which 1,805 cases were for sores, 133 for overloading, 220 for driving lame animals, 26 for beating, and 10 for high checking. These astounding figures indicate that the Society in Manila is vigorously prosecuting offenders, which must result in a lessening of the cruelty which now appears to be so common there. With rare foresight the Society is also carrying on a determined campaign for humane education in the schools.

THE hares of the sensitive Cowper were his evening companions; and he informs us that their cheerfulness and frolicsomeness beguiled his hours of sadness.

JOHN TODD

For Animals in Northern Africa

International Aid Sought for Relief of Distressing Conditions

THREE is great need of organized animal societies in the Barbary States of Northern Africa. The misery and constant suffering of pack-carrying animals and those used to transport travelers call to the humanitarian world for intervention and alleviation. Could the hard and cruel lot of those creatures of flesh and blood be fully described in these columns, we doubt not that there would follow a quick and generous response in this country towards the movement to be launched for their benefit and protection.

The conditions prevailing among the domesticated animals in Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco are set forth by Mrs. Frances K. Hosali, Hon. Sec. (London), Rome S. P. C. A. in an impressive article, recently published in the *Animal World*, from which a brief summary is made.

The mules and donkeys are the chief sufferers. With loads too heavy for their weight and strength, with harness pressing against and chafing raw sores, beaten over the head with stout sticks even when they are doing their best, flinching at the least sign of an uplifted hand, urged on with sharp-pointed pricks applied to sore and tender spots, these wretched, half-starved animals limp painfully through their daily grind. Much lameness is caused by the primitive Arab custom of shoeing. The hoof is cut to fit the shoe, and the foot often hacked in such manner as to render the animal unfit for work. If lameness prevents him from keeping pace with his mates, the difference is overcome by beating him.

The Arab method of branding horses, mules and donkeys is slow cruelty. The operation, taking about ten minutes, consists in searing some (any) part of the body with a half-dozen crisscross marks made with hot pokers. Before the wounds are healed and often with open or festering sores, the animals are pressed into service.

Fowls are carried about in bunches with heads hanging downward for hours at a time by the hawkers, or suspended from the pack mules, while in the markets they lie in piles with legs tied and wings twisted even as they chanced to fall or were carelessly flung.

In the fourrière (dog kennels) the sufferings are unthinkable. These animals are snatched from streets, handled with tongs and crowded in cages, and kept without food or water sometimes ten or even fifteen days, if they survive that long, before they are destroyed. Diseased or healthy, pets or scavengers, it makes no difference. Some are dead, others reduced to living skeletons, when the Arab executioner comes around to do his duty. There is a rule that unclaimed dogs shall be asphyxiated every three days by charcoal fumes, but few there are who have the inclination, much less the authority, to enforce humane treatment of dumb animals.

A plan has been set on foot to establish an International Society for the Protection of Animals in the states of North Africa, composed of English, French and American backers. The movement thus far contemplates the establishment of an animals' hospital at a place affording the best facilities, chiefly for the relief of lameness and sores; giving daily demonstrations and simple hints on care and treatment; introducing more

humane methods of branding and shoeing; encouraging donkey parades and better management of the fourrières, that the dogs may be spared some of the distressing agonies they are now compelled to endure.

The sympathy, encouragement and financial support of many in the United States will be enlisted, we hope, in this most worthy humane undertaking. Funds are needed and should be liberally forthcoming. Subscriptions and contributions may be sent direct to Mrs. Frances K. Hosali, 10 Dersingham Road, Cricklewood, N. W. 2, London, or, if received by *Our Dumb Animals*, will be acknowledged and transmitted to that address.

W. M. M.

THE WORLD'S GREAT MENACE

THE destructive activity of civilized man, pursued with wanton and wasteful cruelty, has entailed irreparable loss, and nowhere greater than in the realm of wild animal and bird life. It is "civilized" man who has denuded the earth of some of its greatest beauties and wealth; who has slaughtered *in toto* bird and animal species of priceless value.

The imprudent and unprincipled sportsmen and market hunters of today, equipped with the deadliest of modern weapons, are still impoverishing the earth and playing havoc with the lives of creatures that cannot be spared from human existence without disastrous results.

Against this great army of nature despoilers and marauders the force of public opinion ought to be arrayed. Powerful agencies are needed to broadcast the alarm. Among the recent individual warnings, fail not to take heed of that of a most distinguished authority, the head of the American Museum of Natural History, who says:—

"Nothing in the history of creation has paralleled the ravages of the fur and hide trade, which, with the bone fertilizer trade, now threatens the entire vertebrate kingdom. The legitimate use of furs for protection in cold weather has long since passed. Furs are now a fashion, just as feathers were thirty years ago. The trade has passed almost entirely into the hands of people of Oriental and Asiatic origin. Millions of dollars are spent annually in advertising. Furs are worn in midsummer purely for ornament and personal adornment, or to make a display of wealth and luxury."

"The final cause of the close of the age of mammals can be arrested only through the creation of sound sentiment and education of children and of women in the same manner in which the National Association of Audubon Societies has arrested the destruction of birds. But such a movement will be extremely difficult because the fur trade all over the world offers opportunity for money making, with very little effort and with no risk of life."

A MAN went into a Chicago library recently, a columnist says, and asked for a copy of "A Kentucky Cardinal." The librarian said: "Look under 'Religious Books' in the catalogue." "But this cardinal was a bird!" remonstrated the applicant. "I have no interest in his personal habits," said the librarian coldly.

—*The Outlook*

"Hindy," the Boston Post's Cat

FREDERICK P. PERKINS

A CAT with a half million friends, boys, girls, and grown-ups.

A cat with 112,000 pals who were proud to hang his framed photograph in their homes.

A cat whose nickname was known to someone in every corner of the wide world.

That introduces Hindy, the *Boston Post's* "staff cat," who died in the Angell Memorial Hospital, Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Hindy is history now, and he's sharing the hall of feline fame with Puss in Boots, Dick Whittington's cat, and the cat that taught old Aesop wisdom 3,000 years ago. Hindy was probably the subject of more newspaper copy than any other feline of this age. He was his own publicity agent, and he signed his stories "By Hindy."

Through the columns of the *Boston Post*, Hindy's stories carried his personality to the

great, yellow, four-pawed champion of Pie Alley (the Broadway of Boston catdom). He was battling against invincible enemies that he couldn't even see, but he clung to life for forty-eight hours longer than the doctors believed possible. He tried to purr when his pals from the *Post* came to pat him goodby.

Through the kindness of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the body of the "world's greatest newspaper cat" was taken to the animal cemetery on the Nevins Rest Farm in the town of Methuen, Mass. There on a sunny hillside, Hindy has a grave and a gravestone all his own.

The cat-show folks used to call Hindy a "short-haired red tabby," but he was plain

males to their tearful little owners. He told the youngsters of New England how to take good care of their dumb friends, and he raised money to buy many a strange beast for the big zoo at Franklin Park. His writings even brought valuable support to the great animal hospital in which he died.

The *Post* saw Hindy first in the wartime days of early 1918. Newspaper offices were busy places at that time, and nobody paid much attention to the newcomer. That didn't suit the ambitious Hindy, so he uncurled his claws and went after the official *Post* cat of that era, a big black beast by the misleadingly effeminate name of Victoria. Vic took a beating in spite of his superior weight. The *Post* staff came to the rescue, and Hindy, the unknown, was thrown unceremoniously out.

Next day Hindy dropped around again and routed Victoria once more. Once more Hindy was forcibly chased from the office. On the following day, however, Hindy repeated his program, and this time he got a ducking with cold water. That didn't keep him away, either. The boys nicknamed him Hindenburg in mockery of the German general.

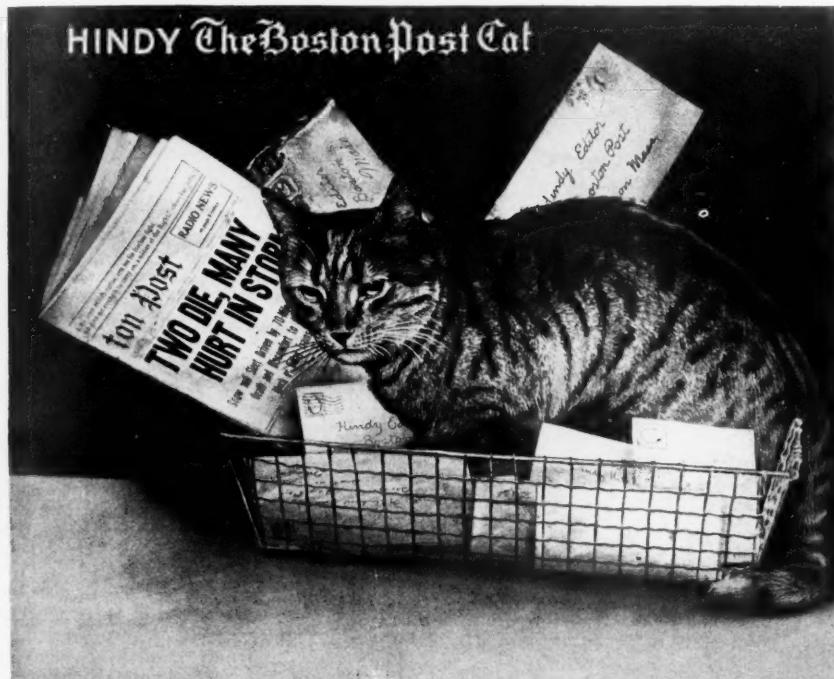
Hindy had brains that were just as sharp as his claws, however, and he was willing to vary his tactics. When he had got poor Vic reduced to abject submission, he went amousing. Every morning for more than a week he luggered a brand new dead mouse to the city editor's desk and left it there in mute testimony of his labors. He spent his spare time battling rats down in the sub-basement press-room, and the delighted pressmen wanted to adopt him. Hindy, however, was looking for a literary career. He stuck to the city room.

Eventually Hindy got on the staff because he couldn't be kept off. Victoria had meantime died, and Hindy held his job because he proved himself the best newspaper cat in the business.

His signed stories were an instant hit, and he wrote them more and more frequently. His list of friends increased by thousands and his morning mail bore stamps from all over the whole wide world. He was invited to cat shows and he admitted that he "showed up the high-brow felines." He went to a dog show and he won a prize there. His collection of ribbons and medals and cups grew bigger year by year.

When the *Boston Post* Santa Claus issued his yearly appeal for funds for gifts to poor children, Hindy was right on the job. He lent his assistance to the writing of the Christmas campaign literature, and he sat for tedious days in a cage in the Santa Claus workshop window collecting pennies and dimes and dollars by his personal presence. In similar fashion he helped the raising of money for the elephants and the Baby Hippo, which the children of Boston, through the *Boston Post*, bought for permanent additions to the Franklin Park Zoo. He did his bit for the Children's Hospital and for dozens of special charities.

As Hindy's popularity grew, he was deluged with written requests for his photograph. Boys and girls everywhere—and lots of grown-ups, too—wanted his likeness to keep for their very own. At last Hindy had to publicly promise a big six-by-eight-inch picture to every pal of his who would write for one. For six weeks he worked night and day with a staff of half a hundred special assistants, and he mailed more than 112,000



wide world. His style was known to thousands of readers. He got mail from the far corners of the earth, and many of his letters had the one word, "Hindy," as their only address. Some envelopes bore only Hindy's picture, but the postmasters knew his face by heart. Under Hindy's name were published articles which delighted hundreds of thousands of boys and girls and brought aid to uncounted unfortunates. Hindy was the *Post* Santa's right hand assistant, and the pal of every poor kid living.

Nobody knows just how Hindy got the wound that eventually ended his life. It wasn't much more than a scratch, but it became infected, and blood-poisoning set in. At the hospital doctors did all that science could do for the *Post's* pet, but surgery couldn't save him. He died Tuesday morning, May 15, and the news of his death was flashed by wire all over America.

Hindy lost his last fight, but he died game. It took a million sneaking germs to defeat the

alley cat to his friends. His color was yellow, but there wasn't any yellow under his skin. He fought for his life from the time his eyes first opened until he was hustled to the hospital where he breathed his last. He was a scrapping cat because cats that live to grow up in the alleys of down-town Boston have to be scrapping cats. He'd tackle a mastiff just as joyously as he'd tackle a mouse; and it isn't on record that he ever had to take a defeat.

So far as Hindy's newspaper career was concerned, he was a self-made cat. He joined the *Post* staff uninvited and he kept his job by delivering the goods. He was chased out, shoved out, and drowned out of the *Post* city room, but he couldn't be kept out. When he'd out-clawed, out-moused, and out-classed all feline competitors, he went on the payroll and he earned his keep until he was rushed protesting to the hospital one Wednesday midnight.

Hindy's stories restored dozens of lost ani-

fancy photos to his friends all over everywhere. The likenesses went to palm huts and pagodas, mansions and cottages, log-huts and tepees. They hang now in battleships and hospitals, in schoolrooms and state houses. It seems that Hindy must have been telling the truth when he used to admit in his "own modest way" that he was the "famous-est cat in the world."

As nearly as his pals on the *Post* can figure, Hindy was about nine years old. He was no molly-coddle cat, but, if there's any justice in what is said by the thousands of friends who have written letters of condolence to the *Post* since its great pet's death, Hindy has gone to the land where all good cats go, to that cat happy hunting-ground where the rivers run milk, where the fields are solid catnip, and where the mice are as thick as mosquitoes. We hope so, anyway.

AN ELEPHANT'S GENEROSITY

AN interesting incident occurred at the elephant house at Franklin Park, Boston, late one afternoon, showing unusual kindness on the part of one animal for another, writes a correspondent.

"Molly" and "Tony," the two large elephants, had been supplied with a generous amount of hay for their supper, but none had been given to the little baby elephant in the adjoining section, which was separated from that of the larger animals by wooden bars and railing.

After a time Molly apparently noticed that the youngster had nothing to eat, and she gathered up a mass of hay with her trunk from her own supply, and moved over and placed it down beside the bars separating the "Baby," so that the little fellow could reach it through the bars with his trunk, which he speedily did.

This somewhat discounts the stories current about the jealousy on the part of the larger elephants towards the little fellow.

AT a Christmas dinner in Washington a well-known professor was called upon to speak. In introducing him the host said to the guests: "You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey." —*Boston Transcript*

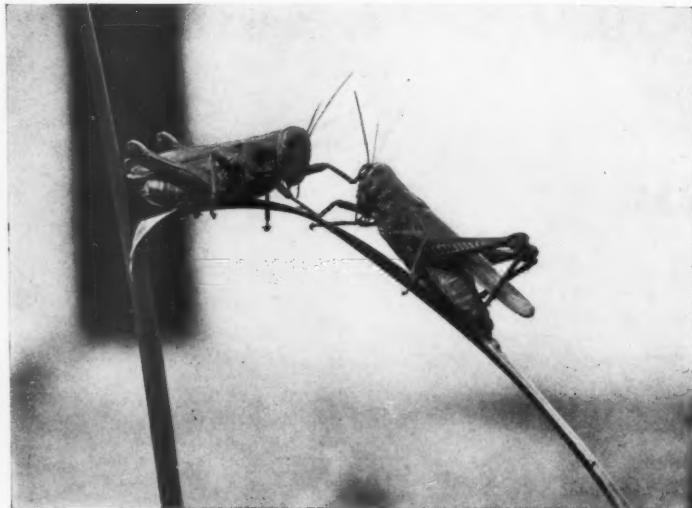


Photo by Cornelia Clarke

Courtesy of Photo-Era Magazine

"THUS FAR AND NO FARTHER"

THE NATURAL SCIENCE GIRL

THE loudest of God's creatures
Has being not in vain,
But fills the niche assigned it
According to His plan;
We may not know the reason
Why life to it was given,
But He who it created
May have for it its heaven.

* * *

The health of mind and body,
The wealth of soul and song
Are found in field and forest,
The living things among;
Not in the maze of fashion—
Society's gay whirl—
But out with Nature's goddess,
The Natural Science Girl.

JARED BARTHÉ

HYPERCritical

YOUR husband has been ill? Is his condition critical?" asked the vicar who was paying his monthly call.

"It's worse than critical," replied the worried-looking woman; "it's abusive." —*Life*

A LOST BUMBLEBEE

ORLIN M. SANFORD

A LOST bumblebee, helpless and palpitating, was stranded and lying on his back upon the hard and stony, bare and dusty, sidewalk pavement of Massachusetts Avenue, Boston, at eleven o'clock the other morning. It was no place for him. So I stopped and carefully picked him up by one wing and put him, right side up, in what seemed a safer position in the roadway near the curb. Just then along came a big street sprinkling wagon, and in its flood he was swept over and over. He was now bedraggled and coated with the "unsavory and unclean" wet dust and dirt which stuck to his trembling body. So picking him up on a stiff bit of paper and carrying him several blocks to a sunny piece of grass, in a doctor's yard, I there put him down, hoping he might recover. Then I left him and went on my routine way, as city folk must. But my thoughts were still with him, and so are yours.

This was an unfortunate little bumblebee. He had sadly lost his way, this "zigzag steerer" and "sailor of the atmosphere," in a dreary and "unknown waste." Instead of being in green pastures and beside still waters, amid the flowers of springtime (his natural habitat), he was on strangely stony ground, amid the bewildering noises of the traffic of city streets and the swirling floods of water wagons. No soft carpets of grass dotted with dandelions; no verdure in asphalt and concrete; no food or pollen in granite blocks; no refreshments for him in so hard a fare; no "gulfs of sweetness without bound" in this barren wilderness found; no "maple-sap and daffodils" here; no "columbine with horn of honey"; no "scented fern and agrimony," nor "succory to match the sky." Alas! within his scent or vision little seemed fair and less seemed sweet, and, tortured with "want and woe," doubtless he perished. Now may the kind and sympathizing fairies toll the bluebells, and raise the "grass with green flag half-mast high," above his untimely and solitary grave!



Photo by H. M. Wilson

Courtesy of Photo-Era Magazine

A THIRSTY SQUIRREL

Remember that the first great need of animals in hot weather is water.

"GARRY," GOV. BAXTER'S IRISH SETTER

GARRY," faithful friend and companion of Governor Baxter of Maine, died June 1 after a long illness. Last September a swelling appeared on Garry's jaw, the result of an unknown injury, and it failed to respond to treatment. Local veterinarians were consulted and two trips made to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston; all to no purpose.

Garry and his predecessors have been in the Governor's family for 37 years without a break in the line. Since coming to Augusta, in 1921, Garry has lived at the Blaine Mansion. He visited the Capitol daily and had friends in every office where he called as he passed by. In the executive chamber a special couch was provided for him, and he stayed there hour after hour, waiting for his master to finish his work and take him to walk over the hills and through the woods back of the Capitol.

Garry was an Irish setter with a wonderful coat like dark polished copper, unusually intelligent and friendly to everybody, especially to the children who daily passed the Blaine House on their way to school. During the legislative session, notwithstanding his illness, he kept faithful guard over his master, and never seemed disturbed at the goings and comings at the Governor's office.

During his long illness he was cared for just as a human being would be cared for by his friends, for he was like the Governor's shadow, always with him. Garry had a special permit, granted him by President McDonald of the Maine Central R. R., and was not obliged to ride in the baggage car. He was a most unusual dog, and when matters of state became troublesome his master found a true friend in him. Everybody at the State House will miss his friendly greetings. He was a very prominent and popular member of the State House family.

Garry was taken by the Governor to his island home in Falmouth, just out of Portland, where the dog was buried at the base of a granite boulder that bears a bronze tablet with the names of all of the Governor's dogs. This little dog cemetery overlooks Casco Bay and is enclosed by a stone wall and surrounded by trees. The State House flag was placed at half mast during the burial ceremony, out of respect for Garry's memory.

Governor Baxter has Garry's son, one year old, and he, too, is named Garry. This young dog also lives at Augusta and no doubt will try to live up to the traditions of his good father.

WE think that when a man comes to an understanding of the truth that an act of kindness done to another is a greater act of kindness to himself, he has taken a very important step in soul development.

IGNORANCE and lack of proper training make bad animals, as they make bad men and women.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.

GOV. BAXTER'S EULOGY ON THE DOG

GOVERNOR Percival P. Baxter, of Maine, who ordered flags on the State House at Augusta at half staff when his pet dog, "Garry," died, issued a statement defending his action, which was criticized by military organizations. It is a noteworthy tribute to man's "best friend," ranking almost with Senator Vest's world-famous eulogy. The statement, in part, follows:

Loyalty and unselfishness are the crowning virtues, and where can these be found in purer form than in man's best friend, the dog! Hunger, thirst, and privation to him are nothing if he can share them with his master and comfort him in his distress. A dog asks no reward other than to be in the presence and confidence of his human companion.

The loyalty and unselfishness of a dog may well put most men to shame, for few are as loyal to their Heavenly Master as is the humble dog to his earthly one.

My faithful dog, unlike many of my human friends, never betrayed nor believed ill of me. In all his life he never was mean or dishonorable. Can this be said of many humans?

If all men would acquire the outstanding virtues of the dog, great happiness would soon be spread broadcast over this sordid world.

I doubt if many would criticize our President should he order the White House flag lowered in memory of his Laddie Boy. Nor do I believe many will take exception to the Governor of Maine doing likewise for his faithful companion, Garry. I seek to offend the feelings of none, but I yield to none my rights to act according to the dictates of my heart.

It was my desire and my plan to have the flags lowered during the period of Garry's journey homeward to the graves of his ancestors at my island home, and this desire was fulfilled and this plan executed.

It may be that the comments made upon my action will arouse our people to a new realization of their responsibilities to dumb animals. If this be so, one of my purposes will have been accomplished.

I firmly believe that when the men and women of this State and Nation think through what I have done, they will see that a lesson in the appreciation of dumb animals has been taught, and that my act heightens the significance of our flag as an emblem of human achievement that has been made possible largely through the faithful services and sacrifices of dumb animals.

I should esteem it an honor when my time comes to have the same capitol flags that were lowered for my dog, Garry, lowered for me. It is my prayer that I always may be as unselfish and as loyal to my Master, State and Nation as was Garry to me.

ONE of the signs of the times, particularly gratifying to folks who persist in a belief that the world is getting better, is the prominence being given animals, notably dogs, by magazine and scenario writers. No human character so clearly embodies the fundamental virtues.



MOBERLY'S VETERAN FIRE DOG

THIS veteran dog mascot of the Moberly (Missouri) fire department, "Jimmy," has had seventeen years' experience as a fire fighter. He came to the department when a pup, and today, although he is not as spry as he was several years ago, he still jumps when the fire gong sounds.

Jimmy's duty, in the day when the fire department had horses, was to see that the horses were in their proper positions. When an alarm came in he felt the responsibility of getting the horses under the harness as quickly as possible.

Several years ago the department purchased motor trucks and Jimmy's work was made easier. He went to all of the fires and rode the trucks until two years ago, when he was accidentally thrown off one of the hose wagons and his hip was broken. He was nursed back to health, but has never made another trip with the firemen. Instead, he waits at the station for the men to return from the fires.

Jimmy is blind in one of his eyes and has only a few teeth left, but no other mascot will take his place in the Moberly fire department while he survives.

IRISHMAN ALWAYS THERE

THREE men, an Irishman, a Swede and a Hebrew, were brought to court. The Hebrew was arrested for stealing a cow, the Swede for stealing a horse, and the Irishman for stealing a wagon.

"Well," said the judge, turning to the Hebrew, "where did you get the cow?"

"I have had it since it was a calf," was the reply.

"Where did you get the horse?" he asked the Swede.

"I've had it since it was a colt," was the reply of the Swede.

"And Patrick, where did you get the wagon?" asked the judge of the thief.

"Oh, your Honor, I've had it since it was a wheelbarrow."

A MAN who has had much to do with moving picture audiences tells us that nothing in a motion play is so certain of a pleased reception from all classes as a litter of pups, although a hen with chickens is a close second.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Three hundred and twelve new Bands of Mercy were reported in May. Of these, 188 were in schools of Massachusetts; 35 in schools of Connecticut; 32 in schools of Georgia; 25 in schools of Rhode Island; 16 in schools of Maine; 12 in schools of Minnesota, and one each in New Jersey, Iowa, West Virginia, and Canada.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 142,903

WHAT BANDS OF MERCY DID FOR ONE SCHOOL

MRS. C. S. BURNETT-HANEY

A FEW years ago I became a teacher in a mountain mission school at Blackey, Kentucky. As I was the oldest teacher and had had experience in mission work, those in charge of the lower grades came to me for advice. One day the primary teacher, almost in despair, asked, "What can I do to stop quarreling among the boys?"

I had noticed the friction on the playground and had almost decided upon a plan, for this was no ordinary state of affairs; it was the feud spirit so common then and hence more difficult to deal with. I remembered the old saying, "The way to drive out the darkness is to let in the light," and decided that the difficulty could only be stopped by substitution, turning this restless energy in another direction.

I went before the school with a box of Band of Mercy buttons, and after explaining what mercy meant, and giving them the text, "Blessed are the merciful," etc., which they readily learned, I promised to give a button to everyone at the end of the next week who had not quarreled or acted badly in line on entering the schoolroom. A talk on birds and the cruelty of robbing nests of the young brought out the fact that this had been quite common, but all promised to be kind to all animals.

Each boy agreed to help any boy likely to break his promise. The results were far beyond anything hoped for. When Friday night came, all had kept the pledge but one boy, and he had only "nudged" in the line of march.

The children insisted he should not have a button, but such yelling "I want a button, I want a button," and crying I had never before witnessed. Evidently there must be some compromise, so they finally agreed he could have a button, but should give it up the first time he "forgot."

A Band was formed also in the third and fourth grade. The text, prayer, song and



"REGULAR FELLOWS ARE KIND TO ANIMALS"

SUCH was the inscription on the special buttons worn by 500 boys, each carrying a pennant, who represented the American S. P. C. A. in the parade down Fifth Avenue, New York, during Boys' Week in May. It is said that 80,000 boys, including Boy Scouts, public school cadets and representatives of various institutions, were in the line, and that the S. P. C. A. division, headed by the band shown in the picture, made the best showing. They carried many banners, and some bird and squirrel houses that had been made by members of humane clubs in the schools.

pledge were soon learned in both rooms. Officers were elected in the intermediate grade. Children gave incidents of unkindness seen during each week. Selections were read, recitations given, and leaflets distributed. Mrs. Lovell sent a bound volume of *Our Dumb Animals* that was a great help. Some subscribed for the paper. The feud spirit was banished. The first literary society was formed with this one noble end in view. The good accomplished in many ways cannot be told.

EVEN AS YOU AND I

EDITH BARKER

I STOOD one day at the edge of a pond watching a number of frogs that were sunning themselves. Though they seemed lazy, but few of the flies and mosquitoes that came within reach escaped the lightning-like snap of their jaws.

Suddenly attracted by the sound of voices among the willows that surrounded me, I walked on and discovered a number of boys who were busily engaged in frog-fishing. They were using short poles upon the end of which were lines terminating in a "gig" or "grapple."

This "grapple" was made by binding together three ordinary fish-hooks. Upon each of the hooks there had been placed for a lure a small piece of bright red flannel. It was at once evident to me that should a frog swallow one of these hooks his fate would be sealed; and there would be one less to help destroy the mosquitoes and their larvae.

As, concealed by the willows I watched, one of the urchins caught a large frog, and exclaiming excitedly at the size of it, reached in one of his pockets for his knife; with which he intended to remove the hind legs of the unlucky amphibian.

Vainly struggling against what must have seemed to him the approach of certain death, the frog closed and opened his golden eyes,

and the blood from his lacerated lips flowed over the grimy hand of his captor.

Horrified at the cruelty of the child, I stepped forward and grasped the wrist of the hand that held the knife.

"Don't you know that is very cruel?" I asked.

"Aw!" exclaimed the lad, "frogs ain't got no feelin's."

I pointed to the blood that stained the child's hands.

"A frog," I said, "has a heart and nerves, and in its body the blood flows even as in yours and mine. And when hurt he suffers pain as we do."

Then after glancing at the swollen blotches on the bare legs of the boy, I continued:

"Come with me, and let me show you how much more useful live frogs are than dead ones." And I led the way to where other frogs sat sunning themselves undisturbed.

In the shade mosquitoes were humming, but a frog fully as large as the one the boy still held in his hand was catching such of the insects as came within his reach.

As I kept on explaining, a light of understanding came into the eyes of the boy as he scratched absently at a mosquito bite upon his leg. Then carefully he removed the hook from the lip of the frog he held and set it down in the soft ooze at the edge of the pond.

"Aw! Come on, kids," he yelled, "let's go and play at something else."

IN Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," Mr. Phillotson is made to say: "I shan't forget you, Jude. Be a good boy, remember; and be kind to animals and birds, and read all you can."

NOT YET, BUT

INFANT Son of Campus Professor—"Did you hear the stepladder fall, mamma?"

Mother—"Yes. I hope father didn't fall?"

Son—"He hasn't yet. He's hanging to the picture molding."

—Gargoyle



CHILDREN'S PAGE



SCHOOL CHILDREN LOVE THIS HORSE

HE is the partner of Miss Roberta V. Taylor, a teacher whose duties take her to all the schools in Marion County, Texas. Miss Taylor introduces Bands of Mercy into her schools and reports her humane work regularly to the field representative of the American Humane Education Society.

Her horse, since September 9, 1922, has traveled 1,880 miles in the county, has been to seventeen schools, where 124 visits were made, was cared for in twelve stables, and was petted, caressed and groomed by more than 100 little hands of city and rural children. The horse has been mortgaged twice for school purposes. Miss Taylor says her horse seems to feel important and likes to be where there are people, who uniformly treat him with respect.

AN UNUSUAL HAPPENING

MARY JEANNETTE JONES

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This true story was written for *Our Dumb Animals* by a twelve-year-old girl of Atlantic City, N. J., at the suggestion of the well-known poet, Edna Dean Proctor, who is one of our most appreciative readers.

THE weather man had predicted a cold day and cold it was. The wind was very sharp and the streets were nearly deserted.

Two brothers, William and Richard Jones, were out playing despite the cold. Glancing up, William thought he saw a yellow bird. Looking more closely, he saw it was a canary bird. He made a slight noise to make the bird move. The canary flew from the wire to a nearby perch. William started in pursuit. The poor bird was nearly frozen and emitted pitiful little squeaks at intervals. On tiptoe, William approached the bird and gently reached out his hand to put over it.

He carried it carefully into the house, where it soon warmed up. As no one claimed the bird, William got a cage for it and selected a name.

In honor of the day on which it was found, February 12, the little bird was named Lincoln.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Selections from a Sixth-Grade Prize Essay by ERVIE E. ERICSON, Central School, Missoula, Mont.

YOU can judge a boy by the way he treats his pets and does not feed the little creatures and allows stale water to stand in their pans.

Grown men are cruel also. Some men are lazy and stingy and do not feed their stock well. Others fail to water their

horses and cattle, especially in cold weather. A cow often switches a man in the face with her tail or steps on his foot or upsets the milk pail. When this happens, a cruel and foolish man gets angry and kicks the cow in the side or beats her with the milk stool.

A man in a city was arrested and brought before the judge because he kept his horses in a filthy barn. The judge sentenced him to be handcuffed to a post in the barn and stand in the filth several days.

Longfellow wrote a poem called "The Bell of Atri." This bell could be rung by anyone who had been wronged. An old worn-out horse had been turned out to die. He saw a grape-vine on the rope and started to eat it. This made the bell ring and the judge came out to see what was the matter. He called the horse's master and made him take care of the old, worn-out horse.

MASTER KIND HEART'S DOG

LOUELLA C. POOLE

WHAT is the name of your dear dog?"

I asked a little lad;

"His name is Happy," he replied,

"Because he seems so glad

Always to see me that he laughs—

Or seems to, says my Dad.

"He always looks as if he smiled;

He romps and plays all day;

He's never cross—a perfect lamb,

So gentle—all folks say;

He's just the dearest dog to mind—

Just perfect every way!"

"Oho," I thought, "the reason why

He is so true and kind

And always happiness itself

Would not be hard to find:

Young Master Kind Heart owns that dog

So glad, gay, quick to mind!"



"HE ALWAYS LOOKS AS IF HE SMILED"

BEAR BROTHERS
BANGS BURGESS

SON and I had spent three weeks in Yellowstone National Park. It was our last night in camp. With youth's impatient anticipation, Son urged haste that nothing might be lost of the evening campfire gathering and story telling, and we hurried from our tent.

Nearing the campfire the red hot blaze that cleft the darkness invited us to enter the magic circle that enclosed it. It was the fisherman's turn, and we all urged him to begin. He started abruptly—

"I will tell you a true story, for it was the handsomest thing I've ever seen in the bear line. This summer I was fishing one day in Yellowstone River right near the lake.

"All of a sudden out of the woods came a big black she-bear, quite cautious-like, and stood there looking up and down. I said, 'My Lady, you are bent on some mischief.' Then she went back to the woods, and in a jiffy out she came with two of the cutest, prettiest black cubs, as round as butterballs, and they all started for the water. She looked from one side to the other and was as proud as Punch.

"In she went, but they hung back. They touched and tested it with their toes and did not seem to like it very well. Finally they followed her until they felt the cold water on their little bellies, when they both refused and out they scooted.

"Their ma followed them out and whimpered around and around them and then started for the water again, but those little bear brothers would not budge. Then she came back again and acted as if she were laying down the law, and the three started for the water again, but they would follow her only to the water's edge.

"Finally, they picked up their little heels and started across the sandbars towards the woods in double-quick time, but that old she-bear headed them off and chased them to the brink, where they stood like two little statues just where the river lapped their paws.

"That poor mother bear looked up to heaven as if praying for patience. They saw that look out of the corner of their shiny eyes. I had not dropped a line out of the boat. Thought I, 'Old lady, let's see who will win out.' Those two little fellows took advantage of that look and both took to their heels at the same time, and she after them. One little fellow crouched down in the sand as she was gaining on him, but his more lively brother made for the woods.

"She cornered him and to the shore coaxed the two, only to again meet defeat. Turning, she saw them make their bold escape. This time she was hopping mad and catching up with one she cuffed him so hard that he rolled over and over on the sand and was dazed for a second. The other little bear came back looking frightened to death, while the mother whimpered around the little cub she had clouted as if to say, 'I didn't mean to strike you so hard, but you made me do it.'

"When they started for the water the fourth time those two little bears looked at each other behind their mother's back, their little button eyes fairly hanging out on their cheeks. They hated to do it, but there wasn't anyway out. So they fastened their little claws in the fur of their mother's hips and their eyes sought each other in sheer desperation as she towed them across the river."

VOICES OF THE VOICELESS

THE fields were full of summer sound;
The lambs were gaily bleating;
Small birds were gossiping around,
Their joyful news repeating;
In tones vociferously clear,
Rooks chatted overhead.
"Sweet creatures! How I love to hear
Dumb animals," she said.

And as they parleyed, each with each,
Their thoughts and fancies showing,
It seemed as if some flood of speech
This earth were overflowing;
Met thought with every breath that moved
A gift of tongues was shed.
"How beautiful! I've always loved
Dumb animals," she said.

HENRY S. SALT

FAIR NOT TO BE HELD THIS YEAR

Owing to other plans, which seem more practicable at this time, the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has decided not to hold a Fair next autumn as had been previously announced in these columns.

WE wonder how many of our readers know the name of the mammal that flies, and that generally carries its young at its breast in its swift and darting flights?

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL
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